Hush, now, my child (you'll never be alone again)
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/19890700.

Rating:
Not Rated

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
Gen

Fandom:
僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Character:
Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Sensei | All For One, Eri (My Hero Academia)

Additional Tags:
Sensei | All For One is Midoriya Hisashi, this is an angst story with no happy ending, You Have Been Warned

Language:
English

Series:
Part 2 of DancingInTheStorm's BNHA fics

Collections:
I'd cry over you, favs favs favs, Love these stuff UwU, mha fics, Finished Fics (bnha), AFO is Green's Father, Villan/hero\vigilante Izuku

Stats:
Published: 2019-07-21 Words: 2,232 Chapters: 1/1

Hush, now, my child (you'll never be alone again)

by DancingInTheStorm

Summary

The situation was the premise of half the comedy movies in the last century—a Quirk turned a person into a child without warning, transforming friends and strangers into startled caregivers.

No one was laughing.

It was one thing for a fussy coworker to become a cute child on-screen; it was another thing entirely for a hero to turn into a helpless child in real time.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The situation was the premise of half the comedy movies in the last century—a Quirk turned a person into a child without warning, transforming friends and strangers into startled caregivers.

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Eri sobbed as Midoriya shrank, smaller and smaller, her arms tightening around Midoriya in blind panic. No one dared get near the pair for fear of being de-aged as well; it was Iida who took off at a dead sprint for Aizawa, and Bakugo who had the presence of mind to tell Eri “to let go of Deku already!”

It was supposed to be a casual class trip, a time to unwind. Eri, deemed stable enough to be exposed to public outings, was tagging along, hanging close to Midoriya. At some point—no one remembered quite when—Midoriya had picked her up.

Things were fine until they weren’t. Eri had stiffened and screamed as her Quirk blew into overdrive, Midoriya the victim of the sudden onslaught. Now here they were, coaxing Eri to the ground as Aizawa came running. By then, Midoriya was nearly as short as Eri, and Eri had only centimeters to fall from letting go to feet touching the floor.

Midoriya shrank several more centimeters before Eri’s Quirk snapped off under Aizawa’s steady gaze. Arms spindly, tiny chest heaving, Midoriya couldn’t have been more than four.

“Isn’t her Quirk, um, permanent?” Kaminari whispered to Kirishima, who shot him a worried look.

“I think the teachers were working on—“

“Everyone quiet,” Aizawa snapped. “Eri, what happened?”

Attention turned fully to the little girl crying on the ground, dress splayed around her in a small puddle of misery. She scratched her neck. Aizawa leaned over, plucking a hollow dart from right under her hairline. Black liquid oozed out, coating Aizawa’s finger in slime.

Their teacher flicked eyes around, searching for something, before giving up with a slumping sigh. “Whoever shot this is gone. It’s

Trigger." He crouched by Eri's side. "Eri, you only got a small dose. It should wear off in a few seconds, okay?"

Muffled sobs from both children answered him. Aizawa closed his eyes. "Did anyone see suspicious people or activity?"

Everyone turned to talk among themselves. No, the consensus decided after a few moment's chatter. No one had seen anything. Just Eri, convulsing, and Midoriya crying out.

Midoriya was still crying, big, messy tears that coated his face in a thick sheen of wet. Tsuyu knelt beside him, humming something soothing. "You look like my little brother, ribbit. He likes the color green, like your hair. Do you like green?"

Midoriya nodded through tears.

"Asui, keep going," Aizawa said. "Someone is targeting Eri, Midoriya, or both. We're heading back to the dorms now to keep them safe."

No one quite dared argue with the exhausted set of his shoulders, notable even for Aizawa. Tsuyu took Midoriya's hand in her own, and, when his footsteps proved too slow, picked him up.

In silence, Class 1-A walked back to the UA dormitories.

They were flagging by the time they got through the main gates. Iida stopped in front of the group, arms chopping. "Everybody get in line. In this time of crisis, we must follow our teacher's direction with exactness! To the dorms, everyone!"

That got the group moving, hurrying across the lawn. It was a stark change from the loose, excited chatter of an hour ago; their conversation now was anxious, honed. They were a group far too used to crisis to waste efficiency now.

They burst through the doors of the common room, collapsing onto couches and bunching around Midoriya in waves of worried interest.

"Um," said Midoriya, clearly holding back tears with great effort, "who are you? Where's mom?"

"I've already called your mother," Aizawa said, kneeling at Midoriya's

side. “She’ll be coming soon. We’re heroes. We’re going to help you.”

Midoriya scrubbed tears off his face, lighting up like a bonfire from smoky ashes. “Really? Did you fight a villain? Did he get away? Did __“

Aizawa stood, gesturing at the class. “He’s yours. Be gentle with him. I __“

His phone buzzed. Their teacher glanced at the caller ID and stepped out of the room, leaving a bemused class with an excitable preschooler. “—and you’re pink, that’s *so cool*, and you’re so tall, and __“

Tsuyu injected herself into the stream of words with practiced grace. “Hey, Midoriya, do you want a snack?”

Midoriya blinked. “I’m Izuku!”

“Izuku, do you want a snack?” Tsuyu said easily, walking toward the kitchen. “I have some granola bars.”

“Dude, I have gummy bears he could totally eat!” Kirishima said, trailing after her. “Hey, Midor-Izuku, do you like yellow gummy bears? I don’t, so I have loads of extra. They’re All Might shaped, and it’s kind of awkward eating your teacher’s face, so—“

Kirishima had Midoriya at All Might; the child near vibrated out of his skin, chanting All Might’s name.

“Wow, okay, I’ll get them down,” Kirishima said, laughing, and that was when Aizawa stepped back into the room.

“Class meeting,” Aizawa said, stilted and stark. “Now.”

Everyone hurried to obey, sitting on couches, heaping on the floor, leaning on the back of chairs. Kirishima grabbed a package of gummy bears and handed the crinkling package to the still-vibrating child before finding a place on the floor. Tsuyu sat, cross-legged, with Midoriya eating gummies on her lap.

“All for One, the man All Might fought at Kamino Ward, has broken out of prison,” Aizawa said with customary bluntness. “Given his associations to the League of Villains, and by extension his interest in UA students—“ several sets of eyes snuck glances at a blank-faced Bakugo “—the school is on lockdown, effective immediately.”

Midoriya cheered, holding up a yellow gummy. “All Might!”

Tsuyu’s arms tightened around his waist, holding him close.

“What now, sensei?” Yaoyorozu asked, breaking a heavy silence. “Can we help with any preparations?”

“Failsafes are already in place, and Nedzu is working on further preparations. We will alert you if we need additional help, but for now—“ his eyes swept the group “—please trust your teachers to handle this. The last thing we need is a student going rogue.”

Nods all around, some more reluctant than others.

Sighing, Aizawa spoke again. “Let me be clear. If we have another repeat of Kamino Ward, where students act without direct and specific clearance, I will not hesitate to expel the lot of you. Understood?”

More nods.

“Good. I’m taking Midoriya to see Recovery Girl now. The rest of you, work on homework. Asui?”

Tsuyu handed Midoriya’s wriggling form over to their teacher, who took Midoriya’s hand. “Listen, Midoriya. We’re going to see the nurse now.”

“But I’m not hurt much,” Midoriya protested. “And I’m Izuku.”

Aizawa knelt, settling his weight on his knees. “Where are you hurt?”

“My shoulder. But it’s just Kacchan. It doesn’t hurt. It happens all the time.”

Peeling Midoriya’s shirt away, Aizawa found a large, fading burn mark. He shot Bakugo a look from over Midoriya’s shoulder. “We’ll be talking about this, Bakugo.”

Bakugo nodded, not meeting anyone’s eyes.

“Alright,” their teacher said, turning back to Midoriya. “We’ll get that burn mark fixed. Come with me, now.”

Midoriya nodded, clinging to his pack of gummy bears, and they left.

“It’s not a good situation,” Recovery Girl said, checking Midoriya’s pulse with two fingers. “You haven’t made progress with Eri on reversing her Quirk, have you?”

Aizawa leaned back in the chair with a sigh. “No, and I don’t expect progress for at least another few months. We may have to make more permanent arrangements for Midoriya.”

He glanced at Midoriya, who was engrossed with the news on the television. *Mass Tartarus Breakout,* read the scrolling text.

“His mother should be here soon,” Recovery Girl sighed. “We’ll see what she wants to happen.”

“She doesn’t want her son near UA if she can help it,” Aizawa said, point-blank. “She’s worried about the danger he’s in, and after this incident—“ He scrubbed his face. “Problem Child attracts trouble like a magnet. I just want to see him survive past graduation.”

“He doesn’t make that easy,” Recovery Girl murmured. “There’s nothing else I can do for him at the minute. Burn aside, he’s in perfect health. Let’s give him over to Eri for a few minutes. It may be comforting to be around someone nearer his own age.”

Aizawa thought of Eri’s terrified eyes as he erased her Quirk. “She’s going to wind herself up unless she can see that Midoriya is alright,” he agreed. “Let’s go, problem child.”

Midoriya stayed where he was, watching live footage of what looked like the blast zone of a nuclear bomb. “Midoriya,” Aizawa said, louder. “Time to go.”

Reluctantly, Midoriya followed.

Three hours later, the two children were playing happily. Mrs. Midoriya had arrived soon after they had left Recovery Girl and sobbed at seeing her son; after that, she was locked in conversation with Nedzu, and it hadn’t ended yet. Aizawa was charged with taking care of the two children in the meantime.

Eri had indeed been anxious when she first saw Midoriya, scared that she would again lose control. “That’s what I’m here for,” Aizawa had reassured. “He’s probably lonely. Can you help him feel better?”

Eri flinched, a full-body thing. “I—“ she whispered. “My curse—“

“—won’t happen, because that’s just a lie Chisaki used to hurt you,” he finished. “The only reason Midoriya became young is because someone hit you with a drug that made you lose control. I won’t let anything happen. I promise.”

She nodded, hesitant. It still took a good hour and a half for her to relax around Midoriya, but trauma healed at its own pace. He didn’t push it. Midoriya was blessedly calm about the ordeal, accepting Eri’s distance as he swooped around action figures (borrowed from Sero) with appropriate vrooming noises.

It was calm, he decided, which was something he desperately needed in the wake of All for One’s escape. The mastermind behind the League of Villains was once again coming from his students. Was the attack on Eri and Midoriya related? he wondered. Or was it too soon after the man’s escape to be orchestrated by him? Reason said it was too soon, but reason didn’t hold a candle to the years of instincts that said the two events were related.

In the end, it was stereotypical. Cliche, even. He never had children, but he had heard enough parents mourn that *I turned my back for one second and—*

Eri was finally playing with Midoriya, gentle and quiet with the younger boy. Then she yelled, screamed, and by the time Aizawa whirled around, Midoriya was regressing yet again. He snapped her Quirk off, too late. A crying baby, almost too weak to lift up its head, lay sprawled on the carpet.

He knew what to look for, so he spotted the dart in Eri’s arm far faster than last time. Behind her, a dark portal was just closing, a hand waving a mocking goodbye before disappearing in a swirl of grey.

Midoriya *wailed*, lungs clearly intact from his abrupt de-aging. Eri burst into tears and ran out the door.

Aizawa scooped up the infant, supporting Midoriya’s head with one hand and pulling out his phone with the other. Hizashi answered on the first ring, bless him. “Eri got hit again, and Midoriya’s an infant,” he said. “I’ve got Midoriya, but I promised Eri she would be safe with

me, so she doesn't trust me right now. She ran out. Can you talk to her?"

Hizashi cursed and hung up. He took that as a yes.

He was in the middle of dialing Nedzu's phone when instincts prickled; he whirled around, Midoriya wailing all the while, to a sharp blow to the head.

Dark.

All for One caught the falling man, or rather, the falling man's arm. He could care less about the teacher, but his cargo was all-important. Izuku. He mouthed the word almost reverently, cradling the infant against his chest. Izuku's head flopped into the nape of his neck and stayed there, the child still crying. He hummed a familiar tune, and the vibration of his chest calmed the child into whimpers.

He was gone, Izuku in tow, long before Present Mic burst through the door.

Eri, twenty-five and watchful, pressed her hands against the wounded civilian's chest and applied her Quirk. Slowly, ribs sank back under flesh and skin knitted back together. Her Quirk was not one for the squeamish.

"Fascinating!" said a voice from behind her. She turned around to the face of a ghost.

Izuku Midoriya, all of fifteen, looked back without a trace of recognition. "Your Quirk is incredible," he said, hands steady on his notebook. "I'll have to tell Father about you—I don't think he'll believe me at first. Does your Quirk apply to all environmental stimuli, or is it limited to human biology? Either way, the application is endless." He snapped his notebook shut. "I expect I'll see you again soon," he said, backing into a dark grey portal.

His eyes gleamed, calculating and distant.

“Truly, a pleasure to meet you,” he said, disappearing into nothingness all over again.

End Notes

So this now has a spin-off linked below, and I'm crying forever it is SO GOOD.

Tumblr: awake-my-oceans

Works inspired by this one

Izuku's Parallels by TimeShadow_01

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!